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SATURDAY ... JULY 25, 1885

ORGANIZATION.

The world moves—even in Hawaii. In last Monday's Bulletin appear two articles. An editorial and a communication from Mr. Marques—each to the point, each in accord with the position of this journal on the topic discussed. On February 9th of last year—the Saturday following the election for representatives—this paper said: "The 'first best thing' is to organize for the protection of every Hawaiian interest that is better than sectional or transient; to organize for the free and courteous consideration of all important public questions, local, national and international; to organize for the promotion of better feeling, a better understanding and more catholic toleration between races, between classes, between man and man." From that position we have not swerved, and we have repeated the warning so many times and with such clearness that no intelligent reader in the land ought to be unaware of the need of organization. Within the past few months the Bulletin has done good work in the same direction. Its present editor has given its editorial opinions an earnestness, a degree of thought and a freedom from flippancy and boyish swagger that it did not possess, and it well deserves the attention and respect of its many readers. The cooperation of Mr. Marques is timely. He has told the community some welcome truths and the sneers of Hessians in Mr. Spreckels' great paper recoil harmless.

So far we are all agreed. But our kindly critic and our editorial friend have been hasty in objecting to our announcement of last week, that "several Independents of tried character have consented to run next year." They have not so consented in answer to the request of a national convention or national committee of Independents—simply because there is neither national convention nor national committee. "But there ought to be"? Yes, there ought to be. You have said so. Before you said so, we said so. Before either of us said so, some of the best and shrewdest citizens in the land said so. But thinking so and wishing so and hoping it might be so have not made it so. We seem to be quite as far away from having it so as we were a year and three months ago. But, fellow laborers, is not half a loaf better than no bread? If we cannot have full reform *with* organization, is it not something that we may have partial reform *without* it? If we may not have a *majority* of Independents in the next legislature, is it not something that we may have a *minority*? There can be no doubt that the Legislature of 1884 did far less harm, was in many things conservative, was curbed and held closer to an acknowledgement of decency, than if the Imposition had "scooped" the Opposition. We believe that organization among honest men of all races, classes and creeds could return an Independent majority to the next legislature. We hold that, neglecting to organize, the Independents will deserve defeat. But we shall be none the less thankful if even a few Independents sit in the next house.

The gentlemen who have consented to run as Independent candidates have done so at the request of local constituencies. They have not been asked by any national organization, because none is in existence. They have replied to local leaders acting for Independents, and in so doing have done as has been done in times past. The method is undoubtedly faulty. And we believe organization would remedy it. But, until we can get national organization, the present system is certainly better than absolute inertia, than a spiritless lying upon our oars or a hopeless drifting with the tide.

BAD FAITH.

We charge the Hawaiian Government with bad faith, injustice, cruelty and dishonor. If it were legally possible we would put this charge in the form of an idictment, in which king and cabinet should divide the infamy between them, share and share alike. But we are at present unaware of any means whereby the outrage of which we write may be punished—save by the awakening of the sense of public justice, now unfortunately asleep. The outrage against which we protest is the forcible detention of several—over 20—New Hebrides laborers, who ought to have been sent to their homes at least a year ago, according to the terms of the labor agreement between them and the government of these islands—which agreement has been wantonly violated by the present cabinet, and by the reigning king who is responsible for keeping it in office.

Last Saturday the schooner Jeannie Walker sailed for Fannings' Island. Last Monday the schooner Ke Au Hou sailed for Jaluit. Neither vessel took any of the New Hebrides men. Why? Because the government had no money to pay for continuing the voyage of either vessel from Jaluit or Fanning's to the New Hebrides? Not so; for the government was willing to pay *something* to send these men away, after the Press had shown the meanness of the act of keeping them here in its true colors. But the government wanted—in order to get rid of the odium of its broken faith—to send all the New Hebrides men to one island of the group and let them get from there to their several homes as best they might. For *that* they were willing to pay. As they have not succeeded so far in getting any skipper to be a party to their pretty little scheme of piling bad faith upon bad faith, the government is now standing on its dignity; Minister Gibson is paying for his decoration by a party to the Japanese Commission; the other ministers are drawing their salaries; and the poor devils of a "cognate race," these "simple and ignorant" wards of Hawaii's gracious king, are eking out their miserable existences as best they may. "Let the carrion rot," saith the premier, "there are no noble men but the Gibsonians."

THE LABOR QUESTION.

On a certain island of a certain Polynesian Kingdom there is a certain sugar plantation. Its management employs a monthly average of 100 unskilled laborers at an average monthly wage of $18. The unskilled labor of that plantation cost $1,800 a month or $21,600 a year. The machinery of that plantation was not in existence when Kamehameha conquered Oahu. But it seems not unlikely that it was made soon after. It crushes cane with about the celerity and something more than the force of a one-horse-power treadmill and obtains *sixty per cent. of the juice!* It ought to obtain seventy-five per cent. of the juice. Its crop this year was 1,000 tons. Let us say that it sold for five cents per pound or $100 a ton. The gross income was $100,000. If the fifteen per cent. of juice lost in the crushing had been saved, the gain to the plantation would have been $15,000. If the 100 unskilled laborers had been paid each $10 a month more than was paid, the yearly increase of wages would have been only $12,000 or $3,000 less than the loss by poor crushing.

* * *

"That is all very fine," objects a planter; but how about the interest on the cost of your improved machinery?" The exception is well taken. But one must not lose sight of the fact that the improved machinery means an increase of gross income exceeding the increase of gross outlay in wages that would follow an advance of even one third over existing rates; and, if the round numbers used as the basis of the foregoing calculation are so proportionate as not to destroy the argument, then the $3,000 would pay interest and principal of the debt occasioned by putting in a $15,000 plant in not longer than five years.

* * *

A combination of misfortunes (or follies—sometimes one, sometimes the other, sometimes both) has saddled many plantations with debts too heavy to be met by ordinary economies. Those plantations are an incubus upon the common prosperity. They are wasting good money and impoverishing good land. It would be better for the nation if every one of them should go into liquidation to-morrow—to begin again with a foundation of sounder business management, and with the common experience of the Hawaiian sugar industry to guide them. But they still struggle on, throwing good money after bad, hoping against hope. It is such plantations that force the wages of unskilled labor to a minimum and keep them there. We know whereof we speak when we say that there are many plantation managers and plantation stockholders who would gladly see the wages of unskilled labor on their plantations advanced; but who hesitate to make such advance because they believe it would injure less prosperous plantations by forcing them to pay higher wages than they can afford to pay.

* * *

The selfishness of corporation stockholders has passed into a proverb. Humanity is selfish. Nature is selfish. Only He on whom all the Christian world believe is unselfish. It would be too much to expect of Hawaiian stockholders to expect them to be free from the most dominant of human traits. And yet we believe that Hawaiian sugar planters—using the word to mean actual planters and mill men, agents and stockholders—are among the least selfish of men. And facts support the assertion that no where on the globe has unskilled labor an easier time than on these islands; and it is equally true that no where else is similar labor better paid.

* * *

Stephen B. Elkins delivered an address before the alumni of the Missouri State University at Columbus on the 3rd of June. In its course he used these words: "There is no natural antagonism between labor and capital. These two forces must act together or not at all. The antagonism is between employer and employed, and comes of error on both sides. The one seeks to get as much labor as he can for the smallest wages; the other to do the smallest amount of work for the most wages he can get." How clear! How true! Does it not photograph the labor situation on these islands?

* * *

Capital is swift to realize the truth in one half the above epitome. Labor is just as swift to see the truth of the other half. Each seems wilfully blind to the whole truth.

* * *

"Perhaps," says Labor, "but I note that Capital holds the whip hand!"

* * *

"Alas for the rarity of human charity."

Men build asylums for the lame, the halt and the blind, homes for the indigent, hospitals for the sick. Men give to alleviate the distress that appeals to them at home, and with scarcely less liberality to enlighten the heathen. "If I might chose my century," said the Reverend Hemphill, "I would be born in the Nineteenth—the century of foreign missions, of Sunday-School endeavor, of temperance reform, of systemized and world-wide amelioration." But we hope the Twentieth century will learn—if the lesson be yet unlearned by the Nineteenth—that the most glorious garb of human charity is the mantle of exact justice betwixt man and man.

* * *

It is for Capital—holding now, as for so long, the "whip hand"—to teach that truth—first to itself, then to Labor. The world's most knotted problem will untied when that lesson is learned.

* * *

And now comes the gentleman from Objection town and says: "But where are you going to begin? You admit that laborers in Hawaii are better off than in most places. You admit that higher wages would bankrupt some of the plantations. You admit that the laborer has too often no higher object in his work than to try and get the highest obtainable price for the smallest give-back-able amount of it." Yes, we admit all that. But we are not prepared to admit that one small swallow makes a summer, that one feather makes a bed of down, that one favorable set of industrial conditions makes labor prosperous or ought to make it content. Until the capital of this kingdom shall be employed so that every industrious, frugal, honest and reasonably intelligent worker in the land has a fair chance to live decently, to educate his children and to lay aside something for his declining years—until then labor and capital will continue to be at odds in Hawaii-nei and permanent prosperity impossible.

* * *

We have small patience for the wilfully blinded egotism that can measure national prosperity by material progress or by the success of the commercial class—or of any class. Says Elkins—in the speech quoted from above: "To find some means by which the interests of employer and employed can be made the same, and a fair division be made of what they jointly produce, would largely aid the solution."

* * *

This does not mean that the nation can be prosperous merely because our out put of sugar is enormous and produced at a cost that pays dividends which permit our capitalists to invest in California ranches or foreign securities, or to enjoy unstinted luxury. It means that the nation can be prosperous only when the worthy unskilled laborer is getting on *proportionately* as fast as the manager, or agent, or stockholder who employs him.

* * *

We believe that prosperity can be best obtained by a well considered, general scheme of co-operation.

* * *

Co-operation as a scheme has had its failures and its successes. It can succeed here only by a perfect understanding between the capitalist class and the polyglot labor class. If rightly prosecuted it would do much to do away with class distinctions. It would make a majority of the nation capitalists and would divide mere wage earners into two ranks; the shiftless (the vicious or incompetent) and capitalists in embryo (those who save in order to invest.)

* * *

Glorious and not impossible future!—in which every man and every woman in this favored clime who has intelligence and vim and strength and the power of self denial may have a chance to work, to live decently, to enjoy the beauty of sky and sea and landscape, to improve his mind and expand his nature by reading and by worthy companionship—and *to put by something for a rainy day.*

* * *

You answer that we paint Utopia, You say that inequality has always existed, that vice and crime and poverty have always been and must always be. We admit your reply—in part. It is Utopia that we paint—the Utopia of intelligent unselfishness, the brotherhood of fellow workers, unblinded by egotism, undeafened by jealously. Not a Utopia of equality—it colud never be a Utopia of intelligence if it were. But it will be a better Utopia than More's, a better Arcadia than Plato's. In it there will be neither vice, nor crime, nor misery. It will be the Millenium.

* * *

And it is for you, Messrs. Capitalists whip handlers, leaders, peers of the industrial realm, to join hands with those in whom morality is a habit and religion a reality, and decide whether you will have the "Utopia" we have painted; or whether you will have an Hawaii over which you shall weep tears of unavailing bitterness in Heaven—if you ever get there, gentlemen.

Labor and Population

EDITOR SATURDAY PRESS—*Sir:* I cannot express with any conveniently satisfying epithet, with anything like sufficient emphasis, my heart felt approbation of the noble ideas expressed in your last issue, on Labor, and of the laudable abnegation with which you acknowledged having once been in the wrong on the subject.

You say that "you do not believe" in "cheap labor," that cheap labor is *injurious* every where, that the contract system is *wrong*; and that there "never can be a happy, hopeful, progressive Hawaii" until labor is *free* and receives its fair proportion of wealth and prosperity.

I shall go a step farther, and say that, in my opinion, a great deal of the evils which have prevented Hawaii from attaining that degree of prosperity and happiness which was promised to her and might have now been her lot, are due to the adoption of contract labor and to the insane harping after "cheap labor" introduced in the earliest days by planters, temporary adventurous settlers, who only wanted to make of sugar a means to a rapid fortune and early departure, but did not care for the future of the country.

Contract labor is only disguised slavery, however kind and humane may be most of the masters who employ it, and especially as I said, in one of my studies on the Population Question, if contract labor can be acceptable to degenerate races like the Asiatic, it cannot and will not be supported by white laborers, by intelligent men.

Farther, *cheap* labor, however cheap it may appear to the impatient but thoughtless master who asks for it, has always proven in the long run to be *dear*, dearer than free and apparently costly labor would really be. Let any one fond of statistical studies find out what has been paid here in wages for cheap labor, what has repeatedly been paid out to get that cheap labor here and in some instances to send it back, what losses that cheap labor has caused the country in shape of earned savings sent away and cash withdrawn from our momentary circulation; and after all this, let our mathematican compute that huge factor of wealth or ruin, the difference between the money gained through the free, earnest, willing laborer, who heaps up work with the hope of an appropriate recompense, and the money lost through the lazy, mechanical, automatic, unwilling contracted laborer. Then we shall see if the apparent and much touted "cheap labor" has not resulted more dearly to the employer than would have done the dearest free labor! Now, if to this, we add the social difference between, on the one side, "cheap labor," which does not settle, has no family, brings forth no predecessors or consumers to the nation, which hastes away from the country as soon as weary of the contract, and, on the other side, "free labor" which generally settles down to rear a family and keeps its earnings in the country, thus increasing the nation and its wealth. I think that no one will deny that the cheap-labor craving has been a curse to these islands.

Also I do believe and agree with you that "we never can even approach a solution of our labor difficulties until we forego immigration for labor only, and abolish the contract system." Brave and true words, which indeed require a courageous conviction for you to utter in your situation, but which I anticipated when your columns kindly gave hospitality to my repopulation scheme. When I asked for 50,000 families of free immigrants and settlers, and when I foretold the forthcoming departure of our costly Portuguese—the best of our working elements—as soon as their contract expired, if not properly induced to remain.

What the country wants is population, from which will naturally result free labor. But when the Hawaiian Government applies for immigrants, what inducements do they offer? The contract system; and after that? again the contract! A man coming here for bettering his situation has thus only great chances of remaining a slave all his life. Is that a state of things to encourage immigrants and to insure the repopulation of the kingdom? The inducements required—and which *can* be offered if there is a unanimous will for it, are that every man with a family, who comes here with good will and strong arms, shall not only find labor with a chance of reaping its fair proportion of the common harvest of wealth," but will also have a promise, a possibility of acquiring land and wealth, of becoming his own master and of being able to rear up fairly his children. For all this, all that is needed is land facilities. Well! the government still owns about 600,000 acres of land, unfortunately most of the worst kind, but some portion of which may be found available. Let the Homestead law be applied as soon as possible. Then the crown owns about 900,000 acres of the best lands, many of which are leased at mere nominal figures: let those be divided up—and I claim being the *first* here to make that suggestion—and leased on increasing rates, to bona fide settlers, on long terms, so as to augment the crown revenues at the same time as the population would increase, and I am sure that His Majesty King Kalakaua is to ointelligent and magnanimous not to favor the idea. Then, again, private individuals, who have grasped a good deal of land, some in immense tracts now kept useless and waste, ought to assume their share of social duties by throwing open hundreds of thousands of good acres, either for easy sales, or under leases on terms similar to those proposed for selling the crown lands, and I think, from examples cropping out, that already in that line a healthy stir has been produced. Finally, let the government, through a special loan or a financial institution, help immigrants and settlers to the necessary advances, secured by mortgage on the grants of land; then, I think the ere will very soon dawn of solving both our labor and are population problems.

But, if petty, narrow, egotistical interests interfere with such a law and make it fail, at all events the Saturday Press and all those who, like myself, agree with your views on the matter, will have done their duty to their adopted country, Hawaii. A. MARQUES.

Honolulu, July 20, 1885.

The San Francisco Argonaut says: In the trial of Adolph Spreckels for the assassination of M. H. de Young, the law has again been violated and justice has again miscarried. Public opinion has been debauched by journalistic jealousy, and the right of assassination has been sold for coin to the criminal and cowardly. A man of thirty years of age, of sound mind, after opportunity for months of deliberation, walks into the office of a newspaper proprietor, calls him by name, shoots him as he turns, and shoots him again as he falls. The assaulted man was unarmed; between the two men there was not even a speaking acquaintance. After many delays a trial was had; the best counsel were employed on either side. For the defense, the plea of self-defense was set up. It was a false plea. Insanity was also pleaded; it, too, was a false plea, and only made to afford the defense an opportunity to read from the Chronicle what had been written against a sugar-manufacturing enterprise, a colonization scheme, and a connection with a foreign government, conducted by a company of which Mr. Claus Spreckels was president and leading capitalist.

The rest of the article is equally good reading. It would be real enterprising of the "great paper" to publish it.

HILO.

The Town and the District—Plantations, People, Prospects.

"Hilo means rain," says Charley Stoddard; "At this time—arriving in Hilo—expect a shower", says Charley Nordhoff; "We might spare some moisture and be sure it would'nt be mist," says Charley Richardson; "Rain! It is liquefied sunshine?" rejoins Charley Arnold.

When Harry Rycroft, on his black mare, followed by Sooner and I, crossed the Waiakea bridge on the evening of Wednesday the 15th of April last, the evening sun was gilding the emerald fringes of Cocoanut Island and in all the visible sky there was no cloud. It was the flawless ending of a perfect day—a day of such long-drawn sweetness that Sooner had taken exactly eleven hours to make the 23 miles from Captain Eldart's in Puna to Mr. C. N. Arnold's home-like hostelry in lovely Hilo.

I wish that my praise of Hilo's loveliness might be more specific and less vague. But I stayed there less than two days and only two nights, and most of my daytime was spent in scribbling.

But I stayed long enough to find out that Hilo was beautiful and quite as damp as the several Charlyes had said it was. Some day I shall visit Hilo and enjoy it through the moonlit evenings and the liquid sunshine days of half a month. Until then I shall not risk my reputation by painting the lily of its loveliness or gilding the refined gold of its social charm.

Nor do I consider that I did the Hilo plantations justice. I almost literally galloped through them. On my northward way I visited only Pepeekeo and Ookala mills; returning, only Kawilahilahi, Hakalau and Onomea mills; although I stayed long enough at Honohino, Honomu and Papaikoo to chat with the managers and to enjoy several square meals.

Before I left Hilo, however, I visited Waiakea, and saw the now triumphant maceration process, then in the experimental stage. When I was at Waiakea, Manager C. C. Kennedy was not on the premises; but his lieutenants, Engineer George Deacon and Sugar Boiler A. B. Loebenstain answered my numerous questions so fully, so patiently and with such clearness that I left the mill a deal less ignorant of sugar making than on entering it. I was fortunate also in having as companion in my visit Mr. W. B. Olesen, of the Hilo Boarding School for Hawaiian Boys, whose questions brought out many points which more superficial inquiry would have passed by as irrelevant. I found myself at Waiakea with a juster sense of how profoundly uninformed I was about sugar making.

Waiakea, when I was there, had in, to take off, 200 acres of plant cane, 200 acres of ratoons, some 600 acres of fallow land cleared and about 1,000 acres of fern and forest land available for clearing and cultivation. All this land is comparatively level and differs greatly from the other plantations of Hilo district. The cane is sent to mill by rail, about five miles of stationary track being done. Moving from the fields is done by light mules carts, from 4 to 14 of them being employed, according to the distance of the various fields from the railway. Cane matures in 18 months at Waiakea, and Lahaina is the staple variety. It grows there both erect and long jointed—as a rule.

The Waiakea cane is twice ground. The first rollers, 3 in number, are 13 inches in diamater. The space between the top and the feed roller is ⅜ of an inch; between the top and delivery roller, 5-16 of an inch only. The rollers are driven by a Putnam engine, so geared that the engine makes 22 revolutions to one revolution of the rollers, the surface movement of the rollers being one foot per minute.

Although the usual three-roller grinding is generally understood, I describe it now in order that the maceration process, as I saw it at Waiakea, may be clear to those Press readers who have neither seen it nor read any description of it. The cane passes over the feed roller and under the top roller. It is prevented from falling between the feed and delivery rollers by a solid iron plate, called the "returner bar," which scrapes the surface of the feed roller. The friction of the top roller and of the delivery roller upon the bruised and broken cane carries it between them, so that it leaves the delivery roller as "trash." As this trash falls down on the opposite side, it receives a douche of hot water from a perforated pipe, set parallel with the rollers and just above the line at which the trash escapes. Immediately upon receiving the hot water the trash is taken up by an elevator a trifle wider than the length of the rollers, and worked on the principle of the endless chain. This elevator is 35½ feet long, is set upon an easy upward incline and terminates in a chute that carries the cane to a pair of rollers of equal diameter to the main rollers, and set generally about ¼ of an inch apart, a slight variation being sometimes caused by variation in the rapidity of the trash supply. The time consumed from the time the trash leaves the main rollers until it has passed through the second set is two minutes.

Before maceration was proven to be a distinct advance upon, a clear gain over existing methods of juice extraction and sugar production, it was feared by many that the amount of uncrystalizable or "invert" sugar produced by the exposure of the trash to the action of the atmosphere, during the passage from the first to the second set of rollers, would, combined with the lesser fuel value of trash twice ground, neutralize the value of the additinal juice obtained. Dr. George Martin's analyses have proven this view to be erroneous.

When at Hilea and at Waiakea, I was seized with ambition to write an article on sugar making—tracing the industry from the first plowing of cleared land to the final refining in San Francisco. I am not less ambitious now. But I shall visit Maui, Kauai and the plantations of this island before I consider my notes sufficiently full to make such an article what it ought to be. But before I left the Waiakea boiling room I jotted down three notes on the branch of the industry there represented which are worth repeating here. Mr. Loebenstein gave them forth in the form of aphorisms, to which my paraphrasing does only partial justice: "The secret of high polarization in sugars is cleanliness and dryness—cleanliness before the juice reaches the vacuum pans, and dryness after the sugar leaves the centrifugals." "Judgment in liming, in cleaning and in boiling makes the successful sugar boiler." "Eternal vigilence is the price of good sugar."

Of Wainaku, now including the old Spencer Plantation, flattering reports were given me by residents of Hilo. But I did not linger except to give a drink to Sooner, who seemed unable to forget his Puna thirstiness. At Papaikou I stayed part of two days and all of one night, meeting two familiar Honolulans: Mr. J. A. Hare now a field overseer there, and Mr. H. N. Castle with whom I had an engagement to take two rides—one down a flume on a bunch of ferns and a second, longer and less exciting, to Waipio and Waimanu valleys.

I need not try to describe our flume ride to him who has taken one. But if I may sufficiently interest those who have never taken one to make them do so when the first opportunity offers I shall have done a bit of missionary work that will be remembered to my credit.

"Go into that room and peel!" said Mr. Rexford Hitchcock, heir apparent, head luna, and capting of the horse marines.

"Put on those canvass overalls and those dungarees, shirts and then climb onto the deck of them thar mules."

The "mules" were a bay mare, a roan colt and a white horse—of which I mounted the latter. Ten seconds later we were galloping along a muddy cane road, up an incline that made our horses pant. Back of us the steeply broken hillside rose from the cliffs above the sea to the 1,000 or more feet of elevation where we drew rein, a carelessly creased and folded and disordered mantle of Lincoln green, dotted with brown house roofs, striped with silvery flume lines, figured with reddish black fallow land. Away to the south east the long-timbered point beyond Hilo, ran forward until it pierced the beryl sea, and backward until its ridge form was lost in the mountain mass of Kilauea. Above us was a fringe of woodland that seemed the outward wall of a mighty forest. Above it all, Mauna Kea, snow-capped, solitary, awesome.

We gave our sweating horses to a native boy who was awaiting us and took each one of the big boat-shaped bundles of ferns he had gathered for us and placed it in the flume. The adroit and practiced Rexford was upon his and away in half the time it takes to write this sentence. Less adroitly but safely withal my comrade and I followed suit, he last. After you also have flume-ridden, you will realize as no words may make you realize what a glorious ride it was. Imagine the roller coaster, its down grade no whit less rapid, its level passed at a decorous snail's pace, its "jumping off places" doubled in hight and prolonged to the verge of dizziness, its duration twice as many minutes as the coaster trip takes seconds. Forward and down, under the bending plant cane, past the up-starting rattoon fields, past fallow land, past brushing bushes and tickling weeds, over trestles, down cataract inclines, till the long level near the Papaikou office is reached and a ride that is unlike all other rides is at an end and already only a memory. One has only to sit carefully on his fern boat, keep cool headed (the water will keep the rest of one so) and refrain from the constant temptation to grasp the sides of the flume with one's hands. So doing there is in flume riding a minimum of danger and a maximum of delight.

Papaikou, now worked by an incorporated company, is managed and largely owned by Mr. E. G. Hitchcock. Mr. Julius Reinhardt, Jr. was its sugar boiler when I was there. Its present crop was being taken from 150 acres of plant cane, and 79 acres of past rattoons. It was estimated that the crop would be 800 tons. Next season's crop will be taken from 360 acres of plant cane and 175 acres of rattoons, and is expected to yield from 1,400 to 1,600 tons. Papaikou has at present 1,050 acres of cleared cane land, 800 acres of uncleared land that when cleared will grow cane and 12,000 acres of forest and pasture land. The highest altitude of the estate is 6,800 feet, at a distance of 14 miles from the sea; but very little cane is grown above 1,000 feet from the sea.

Papaikou was employing 150 laborers when I was there: 80 Portuguese, 40 Hawaiians, 15 Japanese and 15 Chinese. All its cane was flumed to mills, and the general cultivation and hauling of the plantation was done by 10 teams of 5 mules each.

Onomea, Pepeekeo, Honomu, Hakalau, Honohino, Kaiwilahilahi, Laupahoehoe and Ookala are the other Hilo plantations. I must keep what I have to say of them for my next letter. R. S. S.

Honolulu, July 20, 1885.

We trust the Japanese Commission will understand why so few representative citizens attended the reception at Minister Gibson's. Many strained their consciences and went, out of compliment to Japan. But the absence of so many of those whose culture and character make Honolulu what it is must have told its story too plainly to be mistaken. Prince Oscar of Sweden was not slow to take in the situation. We are sure the Japanese Commissioner will not be less ready. The tone of the community towards the person who gave the party is one of open detestasion and undisguised disgust.

The first-page article on The Conflict of Labor and Capital is re-printed from the Oberlin Review through the courtesy of Hon. S. N. Castle. It is a thoughtful article, and deserves the attention of thoughtful readers. On this page is an article by Mr. A. Marques, appreciative of our last week's article on a branch of the same topic. That is the topic about which the world is thinking most to-day. Right reasoning and right action upon it will make the world better and happier; wrong reasoning and wrong action must make the world worse and more full of misery.

We consider the opening argument of the Conflict of Labor and Capital, printed on our first page, unsound in as far as it relates to the French Revolution, for the following reason: The French Revolution is classed as an extreme movement resulting from reactions. It is then premised that "extremes can never solve a problem," and the conclusion is drawn that the French Revolution resulted "in the union of individual liberty and social restraint." Otherwise the argument appears flawless.

"The Unambitious Cynic" of the Bulletin, says: "I confess to be without brains, ability and experience." But there was no need of the confession, dear citizen; your letter *per se* is proof absolute. You had better leave sarcasm alone and rent a taro patch." So saith a super-sensitive correspondent. But we can forgive the self-scourging writer of the Bulletin for the grain of wheat among his chaff.

We have watched with eager attention the by-authority columns of Mr. Spreckels' great paper, hoping that the genial, talented and public-spirited minister of finance would answer our respectful query about rice. But we are pained to note a grim, an almost forboding silence. As they say in Sanscrit: *"Ist herca nigg erinth ewo odpile!"*

Mr. F. H. Hayselden, a son-in-law; Maj. John T. Baker, a warrior; Hon. James Keau, a poi merchant; and Mr. Sam Nowlein, a bar keeper, are reported to be the distinguished quartette to whom the electors of Honolulu will be asked to give their votes next February. They will not be so asked by reformers, however.